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THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 15.—Vol. II. Saturday, April 12, 1845. Price 1*d.* or Stamped, 2*d.*

ALMS-GIVING.

Speaking of the Middle Ages, those sublime Ages in which the Catholic faith spread its benign influence over the suffering life of Man in this his state of probation, an Author, gifted with the eloquence of Truth and Holiness, observes, "Every circumstance of human life, whether of joy or sorrow, triumph or adversity, was deemed an occasion that called for a distribution of alms to the poor....The custom of leading an ox through the streets of Marseilles, on the festival of Corpus Christi, and probably of exhibiting another in Paris during the carnival, however systematically perverted in later times, from the supposed discovery of its being a remnant of Paganism, originated in nothing else but the charity of certain pious confraternities, which had bound themselves at these seasons to regale the poor. Drexelius mentions an instance of a marriage-feast, at which three hundred poor persons were benignantly entertained; the bride and bridegroom serving up the dinner, and waiting upon them till the end of the banquet. On any great deliverance we read even of the common soldiers giving up part of their day's provision in alms to the poor. The least circumstance was sufficient to touch the hearts of men of faith, and to induce them to practise works of mercy....To mourners, indeed, belonged in an especial manner the duty of liberality to the poor. Monteil gives the narrative of a forlorn wanderer in the fourteenth century travelling through a part of France where there were few towns or human habitations. "I walked," says the beggar, "slowly on, loaded with age and misery, and looked on all sides if I could see any Christian that would give me bread. Presently an old woman who had a goat that was grazing by the side of the road said to me, 'Run, run! the people at that great castle which you see yonder have published since many days, for three leagues about, that they give alms.' I hastened thither, and found that they gave two sous to every one, and the person who distributed the alms, said to each one, 'Pray God for his humble servant, the high and puissant lord, the late baron, our master.' Such was the case when Louis de Sancerre died, who ordered in his will that the alms should be cried through the country for two leagues round. At the funeral of Pierre de Luxembourg, there were more than ten thousand poor, of whom thirty-eight were clothed; bread and meat were distributed to all." At the funerals of the great, hundreds of poor men used to be clothed in black or gray stuff, who walked in procession with lighted flambeaux.

Andrew Doria received as his guests the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip Maximilian, King of Bohemia, with his wife the daughter of the Emperor; but you are greatly mistaken if you suppose that the poor and men of humble rank were excluded from sharing his hospitality. Those palaces which he erected with royal magnificence, those delicious gardens along the sea-shore and on the mountains, those painted galleys which were the wonder of the age, were ready at all times to receive the poorest man, as well as the Prince. "Never," says Sigonius, "was he known to show a different countenance to the great and to persons of the lowest rank, and not only his house, but even his bed-room, was open to every one who wished to speak to him." In fact, those delicious villas of the nobles of Italy and Spain were from time to time, as the occasion might require, the retreat of the poor student, the garden of the poet, the convent of the monk, the desert of the hermit, the hospital of the sick.

If you inquire to what end the Church has been endowed with wealth and property, you are told that it is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and according to the necessities of time and circumstance, to relieve the poor of Christ.

When St. Thomas of Canterbury began to discharge the archiepiscopal functions, much of his time was occupied in deeds of mercy, in visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and ministering in the hospitals: daily on his knees he washed the feet of thirteen beggars, and gave to each four pieces of silver.

Such effect had the exhortations to alms-giving of St. Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the rich of that time, that they eagerly sought for objects of its exercise, and we are told left not a man throughout the province subject to want—a sentence which one might deem sufficient to startle the men of Kent at the present day, at least to render their eloquence more guarded when next they meet together, to take counsel against the Pope on Penenden Heath. Things are certainly much changed since the thirteenth century in England, when men could not think of leaving one poor person throughout a whole district without a donation. Sir William Vavasour of Haslewood, who leaves his best horse, with the arms befitting a knight, for his mortuary to the chapel of St. Leonard bequeathed also one penny to every poor person of the district, adding, that the sum total specified shall be "more if need be." The type of rich and honourable men, in ages of faith, was very different from what it is at present.

A certain ambassador at the table of Amedæus, duke of Savoy, making inquiries respecting sporting dogs, the Duke told him that he should see his kennel the following day. Having arrived at the appointed hour, the Duke led him into a large hall, containing many long tables, at which a crowd of poor persons were dining, "These are my sporting dogs," said the Duke; "with these I go on the chase of heaven." "But how many idle and useless persons are among them?" replied the stranger. To whom the prince answered, "It is not my business to scrutinize their breasts. If God should examine me and you minutely, where should we stand? I must regard the poor as a father—not as a judge."

It was the custom of the rich, in early ages, to give the tenth of their goods expressly to the poor. And this practice was by no means confined to the great, for we find many instances of its observance in the middle and lower ranks, comprising the tradesman and the labourer. St. William of Rochester, who was a baker, is expressly recorded to have always given to the poor the tenth loaf of his workmanship. In Burgundy the growers of vines had the holy custom of giving, from time to time, some portion of their best wine to the poor, in order to obtain the blessing of heaven upon their vineyards. A writer of the thirteenth century speaks of a certain shoemaker who used to bring whatever remained of his profit after providing for his food and clothing, every Saturday, to St. Peter's Church at Rome, and give it there to the poor.

The present benefit societies in England are but the offspring of the ancient Catholic guilds, which existed ever since the time of the Saxons. By the rules of one established at Atterbury, the brethren bound themselves to find fifteen men who should bring home any member who should fall sick within sixty miles, and if he should die first, to send thirty men to convey him to the place in which he desired to be buried, attending the corpse in an honourable manner, having masses said, and praying devoutly for his soul.

Mores Catholici.

ST. ANTHOLIN'S;
OR,
OLD CHURCHES AND NEW.

By Francis Paget, M. A.
(BURNS, LONDON.)

Mr. Paget is a clergyman of the Church of England, and leaning somewhat to those explanations of his creed and ritual which have received a ready name from Dr. Pusey; besides this book, he has written not a few story-books, in which fiction is made to serve a foregone conclusion; and in all of which, and in every part of each, the moral is kept as strongly in view as if he had stated it plainly on the top of every page. This way of imparting knowledge is growing quite popular in what are called *religious bodies;* and if, for instance, masters are to be warned not to overwork their apprentices, or apprentices and needle-women not to defraud their employers, instead of the old, dull, heavy tract, full of pious and well-rounded phrases, and of general and perfectly vapid advice, a pretty little story is built up, and from every part of it peeps out the moral or lesson living in the tale. Such mode of receiving instruction is certainly agreeable, and to many minds far more effective than any other; but not many can write these stories well, the ease with which they can be framed makes the composer careless about the interest of details, and if the incidents and people described are common-place, the reader grows familiar, as it were, with the established craft of good fiction-mongers, and flings them aside after running through a few pages, knowing how every person at the end will be found to have played his part, and how every occurrence is sure to terminate. This is the case in all the tales of Mr. Paget which we have seen; his portraits are certainly made to stand out naturally and boldly by a few good strokes, the scenes in which they are placed are pleasing, plainly drawn, and life-like, but all nicer touches are neglected, and the *purposes* for which men and women are collected together, and for which every event takes place, are as strongly and frequently painted as the actors themselves. It is to Miss Edgworth, Defoe, and to many of the modern German writers we must go, in order to know how to devise stories full of simplicity, beauty, and interesting details, which do not at every turn, and in so many words, fling the moral into the face of the reader, but which leaves it on his mind merely by the charms of the narrative, and the stirring, varied, and natural course of the incidents, without any apparent effort, and generally, without making a single moral reflection.

St. Antholin's was planned by Mr. Paget to give a lesson to grumbling rate-payers and careless Churchwardens of country parishes. The revelations of village life are very true, as might be expected from one spending his days in the country, and possessed of taste and habits of observation; and little as Catholics are now acquainted with the proceedings in parish vestries, and the importance assumed by rural officials of the church when met to decide on repairs and rates, we feel certain, that the picture of them drawn in this book must be correct.

MR. OUZEL THE CHURCHWARDEN AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

"Mr. Oliver Ouzel was a very good kind of a man: but unless the Fates and the parish of Tadbrook St. Antholin, had conspired together to make him a Churchwarden, it is probable that his name would never have descended to posterity. He was just one of those sort of people about whom there is not much to be said either one way or the other. Of moderate means, ordinary abilities, common attainments—neither tall nor short, fat nor lean, handsome nor ugly, Mr. Ouzel was no way a remarkable character, nor had any higher pretensions to celebrity, than his neighbours; but, for all that, he was a good, plain, honest, respectable man, and for ourselves—times and circumstances considered—we do not see how the parish of Tadbrook could have made a better appointment. First, he was a considerable landholder, and therefore he would, for his own sake, keep the rates as low as possible: next, he was a bachelor, and so would have more leisure to look into parish matters; married men have enough to occupy them at home: thirdly, nothing ever put him out of temper, and he had a good-humoured word for every body, which is a matter of some importance at vestry meetings. So when Mr. Mildways appointed him Rector's Churchwarden, and then called on the parishioners to nominate a second for themselves, Mr. Woodward, the miller, got up and said, that for his part he saw no reason why Mr. Ouzel should have a coadjutor—the office was no great trouble—and their interests were safe in Mr. Ouzel's hands—he therefore proposed that Mr. Ouzel should be sole Churchwarden, elected by the Rector and parishioners conjointly. This suggestion was received with great approbation; Mr. Ouzel was unanimously elected, and continued in undisturbed possession of his office for five and twenty, or thirty years.

"It was very flattering to Mr. Ouzel to be thus appointed; and his pride was not the less gratified because the same honourable post had been held by his father before him under similar circumstances, for near half a century. But how much soever Mr. Ouzel might be pleased at his exaltation, he was not one of those people who care to show off their new-blown importance by making sudden and sweeping alterations in the existing order of things. For instance, he did not think it necessary because his predecessor (on coming into office) had painted the Font sky-blue, to have it (on his own accession to dignity) altered to green or yellow: he neither re-gilt the weathercock, nor raised the height of his own pew, nor substituted a white-plaister ceiling for a carved oak roof, nor even inserted a tablet in front of the gallery, declaratory of the fact that it was 'Repaired and Beautified, Oliver Ouzel, Churchwarden.' Our hero had no such ambitious schemes; 'his father' he always said, 'was a very sensible man, and he should make it his business to follow his steps exactly in all parochial matters. The church rates had never been more than a half-penny in the pound in his father's days—they should not be more in his. The church had lasted very well without repair in his father's time, and he did not see but it might do the same through his. The church had been whitewashed once in seven years heretofore—the septennial regulation should be adhered to till the end of the world, or at least so long as he was churchwarden. The parish surplice had only been washed twice a year in old times, and he did not see why Mr. Mildways should want a clean surplice oftener than Dr. Fustiefowl, the last rector.' "

A change, however, was now coming on; the Archdeacon signified his intention to examine the church in virtue of his official character, and Mr. Mildways gave notice of the visit. As no Archdeacon had entered the parish for years, Mr. Ouzel could not understand the cause of his journey, and was troubled not a little when informed that sundry repairs and alterations might be ordered, and that the spire even, which was in a bad state, might be made to come down at the command of Mr. Archdeacon.

"'I have a hard day's work before me, and therefore I have done what I could in the way of inspection before your arrival, Mr. Ouzel,' said the Archdeacon. 'Fortunately I saw a man with a ladder, and was able to get upon the leads, which I am glad to see are in very tolerable repair. Fine old church indeed; extraordinarily beautiful the pattern of these windows: all of them I believe in what is called the decorated style. All but one, I see; I wonder why that has been so mutilated.'

"'Why that window, Mr. Archdeacon, was bricked up at the request of Mrs. Clutterbuck, our Squire's wife. She found the light too strong for her eyes; and she thought the stove pipe might as well be carried out through that aperture as through any other.'

"'I think the arrangement very objectionable,' said the Archdeacon; 'and I should advise your restoring the window to its original condition.'

"'I am afraid Mrs. Clutterbuck will be very much offended: and I should be very sorry to give offence: very facinating lady, Sir, I assure you.'

"'You had better throw the blame on my shoulders. Say the Archdeacon ordered it.' They had now entered the church. The Archdeacon made his careful but rapid survey; —roof, walls, windows, doors—each in turn were submitted to his scrutiny. 'Ah!' said he, as he looked at the window which had been blocked up, 'this is a much worse business than I thought;—not only an ugly thing, but makes this part of the church quite dark: and—and—why what in the world is this, Mr. Ouzel?'

"'This, Sir, is Mrs. Clutterbuck's pew.'

"'Pew!' exclaimed Dr. Sharpe; 'I thought it was her *bed*. Why it is all curtains and pillows. Take care if you please, Mr. Churchwarden, that no pews are built in this fashion for the time to come. Churches are houses of prayer—not bedchambers.'

"'Well, Mr. Ouzel,' continued the Archdeacon after a pause, 'your church is very neat and clean—but as a matter of taste, do let me recommend you to dispense with this whitewash.'

"'Sir,' groaned forth the Churchwarden, 'it has always been whitewashed: never was otherwise in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.'

"'Very probably,' said the Archdeacon; 'but if you will just look here—there,' he continued, after removing with a clasp-knife a flake, half an inch thick, of successive coats of whitewash—"there you see what a beautiful fine-grained stone, we arrive at beneath. Caen stone, I do believe—yes, certainly Caen stone. Depend upon it, Mr. Ouzel, those who built this Church, and were at all the trouble and cost of importing their stone from France, never dreamed that their successors would disfigure it with whitewash. And just observe here, how it clogs up the carved work, and how sharp the foliage comes out when the lime is got rid of.'

On farther examination it was found that the steeple had gone very much out of the perpendicular, and the main beams of the roof had sunk considerably; but the Churchwarden, indignant at what he deemed unwarrantable interference, stood out against repairs or re-building. "If he's Archdeacon, I'll let him know that I am Churchwarden. He may order what he pleases, but he'll see whom he gets to obey him."

"It is one of the many evils arising from the absence of anything like a systematic course of Clerical education in this country, that perhaps not one Clergyman in a hundred enters his profession with the slightest knowledge of Ecclesiastical Law. I am far from saying that the standard of qualification for Holy Orders has not been raised of late years; and the probable consequence of the increased strictness of episcopal examination will be, that before long, some plan will be devised by which those who desire to enter the sacred profession, will have earlier opportunities of being properly trained for it. At present, there are not many young men, perhaps, who commence a course of theological study till within two or three years before their ordination. They have, no doubt (in spite of the sneers of cavillers), gained at school and college a great deal more than either 'much mythologic stuff,' or 'the art of making nonsense-versus;' they have been taught to think and write; they have gained the rudiments of sound religion, and sound scholarship; but they have done little or nothing with the express view of becoming candidates for the Ministry of the Church of England. Of Hebrew many know little or nothing;—of the history of the Catholic Church, too often nothing;—of the writings of the Fathers, nothing;—of Liturgies and Rituals, nothing;—of controversial divinity, and the questions at issue between ourselves and the Dissenters and Romanists, nothing, or next to nothing. And if a certain amount of knowledge on all these points, is to be acquired in two or three years—(and, be it remembered, that that brief space may be all which the overburdened Clergy of our populous parishes can secure of quiet study *during their whole lives*) —how can it be wondered at, that many enter the Church in absolute ignorance with respect to many points of (inferior certainly, but yet of) considerable importance; such a knowledge, for instance, of Ecclesiastical architecture as might have some effect in controlling that far worse enemy of our venerable churches, than time or weather—Churchwardens' taste; such a knowledge of music as might make our village choirs the reverse of what they are; or such a knowledge of Ecclesiastical law, as might at least serve for the regulation of a vestry.

"It is not now as in the days of old, when the people 'willingly offered' of their substance to God: covetousness and luxury have eaten into the very core of this generation: our views are low: our faith is cold: the ancient feelings of reverence and awe with respect to holy things are laughed at: the spirituality of religion is held to depend upon its cheapness: schism is looked upon as no sin: Church principles are forgotten, or ridiculed. What wonder, then, if such sentiments as we have heard broached to-day are common, and the people fail to remember to whom their duty and allegiance is due? Therefore we must make allowance for them—must lead them gently—argue with them kindly—we must be wise as serpents—discreet and sober minded—unflinching and consistent. We may then have good hope of bringing them back to sound Church principles—and when, by God's great mercy, that is done, all the rest will follow as a matter of course.

"There is hardly, perhaps, a single church in this country erected previously to the times of the great Rebellion, which does not contain about it some features of interest or beauty.

The wasting hand of Time may have robbed the mouldering stones of their sharpness—puritanical violence may have hewn down the carved work with axes and hammers, modern innovations may have disfigured its fair proportions with galleries, and pews, and curtains, and towering pulpits; there may be dirt, and damp, and mildew, and decay, and all the combined abominations which contribute, alas! in not a few instances, to make our houses of prayer a shame and reproach to us—but there is, probably, not one which will not repay the trouble of a visit, which will not bring deep, holy, thankful thoughts into the dutiful Churchman's breast.

'Time cannot make such waste, but something will appeare,
To show some little tract of delicacie there;
Or some religious worke, in building manie a day,
That this penurious age hath suff'red to decay,
Some limb or model drag'd out of the ruinous mass
The richness will declare in glory whilst it was.'

"Something there will be in the fretted roof above; some name on the pavement beneath his feet; some form of arch, or aisle, or screen, or canopy; some circumstance connected with Font or Altar; some effect of light and shade; some feature of beauty or desolation, which will lead the thoughtful Christian back to better times, transport him from the visible to the invisible world, and bring him, as it were, into closer communion with those whom we are continually tempted to forget."

MODERN PROTESTANT WAY OF RAISING FUNDS FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES.

"The leading feature of Mrs. Clutterbuck's character, was that of a humane, charitable, well-intentioned woman; but having no settled opinions, no fixed principles of action, she was continually led away by the impulse of the moment, and was, therefore, not rarely entangled in schemes and projects of very questionable utility, and found co-operating with persons, with whom, as a consistent Churchwoman, she would hardly have allowed herself to become connected. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that her notions of the responsibilities of wealth and influence—of the dangers of luxury and self-indulgence—of the inconsistency of modern habits with Christian self-denial—of modern charity with Christian almsgiving, were as low as that of the world around her. She was seated, expensively though plainly dressed, on a well-stuffed couch in a drawing-room, furnished as drawing-rooms now-a-days are—walls papered with gold and crimson, and covered with costly pictures; huge pier-glasses; curtains of Lyons silk; Axminster carpet; easy chairs of every conceivable and inconceivable shape; tables of costly wood, covered with costlier playthings—illuminated albums, musical boxes, miniatures and so forth; buhl cabinets, and marble vases on pedestals of the same rich material—and the movable articles of furniture so heaped and crowded together, that it was almost a work of difficulty for a person to thread their way between them.

"'Ah!' thought Mr. Sanderson, as he cast his eyes over all these '*necessary comforts*' (as we, in these times, call our needless superfluities), 'the contents of this room would pay for the rebuilding of Tadbrook Church!'

"And yet the drawing-room at Tadbrook House was not finer than such apartments in country houses of the same size very commonly are; and neither Major nor Mrs. Clutterbuck were (in the opinion of the world) at all extravagant people.

"'It seems to me, Mr. Sanderson, that the best thing we could do, would be to have a bazaar.'

"'Do you really think so, Mamma?' said Caroline Clutterbuck; 'people are grown so tired of bazaars.'

"'Very true, love; but these things require a little management. If I have a bazaar at Snobbington' (the next post town), 'the chances are that I do not sell above a dozen sixpenny pincushions. Nobody will come near us but the natives, who will just stalk into the room, say a few words to one another, and stalk out again. But if we could contrive to have it *here*, in the national school-room, in the Snobbington race-week—if we can get the Duchess of Thetford to drive over—we, meanwhile, charging half-a-crown or five shillings for admission into the room, in order that there may be no crowd, and her grace may not be incommoded—we shall have such a crowd directly, that it will be well if her grace is not squeezed to death. These things must be very exclusive—you must make a favour or a difficulty about them, or they will be sure to be a failure.'

"'But who shall we get to have stalls?' asked Selina Clutterbuck.

"'Why let me see: Emma Johnson and her sister are fine looking girls, and don't mind being stared at—they are used to this sort of thing, so they would do: and Lady Underwood (to be sure she's quite a stick, but then Sir Ralph is county member, and it would sound well)—yes, Lady Underwood would do for another; and Mrs. Brassington (there must be somebody to talk and laugh with the men) and—and—but in short I don't see any difficulty on that score. And we can all work bags and footstools—(Miss Mildways, you really must contribute a footstool)—and we must get Charlotte Smee to compose a song for us, and Rosa Smudge to do us some drawings.'"

MR. SANDERSON OBJECTS TO BAZAARS.

"'I will tell you why *I* object to them. First, there is to my mind something very shocking and irreverent in Christians not bearing to part with their money even in God's behalf, without getting all the pleasure which they can out of it previously. Next, the parade of a bazaar, whether on the part of the buyers or sellers, seems to be wholly inconsistent with our duty as Christians, not to let our left hand know what our right hand is bestowing. Thirdly, the means used to get money, so commonly employed on these occasions, namely, by securing the attendance of some great person, and thus attracting the crowd, is an honouring of the creature rather than the Creator, which must needs be offensive in His sight. Farther, the plan of charging for the goods sold, a sum three or four times more than they are worth, is very dishonest, and in many cases, I fear, bazaars have operated considerably to the detriment of the honest tradesmen. Again,'—

"'O spare, spare us any more of the charges of your indictment! We plead guilty, and desire to be recommended to mercy!'

"'But if you object to a bazaar, Mr. Sanderson, how are we to get the money?'

"'Oh! I know,' cried Selina Clutterbuck: 'we can have a shilling subscription—get a shilling, you know, or a half-crown, or whatever sum you determine upon, from every body you meet. The amount is so small that nobody has the face to refuse you, and so a large sum is eventually collected, without any body feeling the poorer.'

"'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Clutterbuck: 'that is a very good plan, and a very successful one too. Lady Julia Rackham got five-and-twenty pounds in halfpence that way for her old nurse. We will certainly set up a half-crown subscription directly. Come, Miss Mildways, you shall have the honour of standing at the head of my list: will you give me two and sixpence?'

"'No, ma'am,' replied the old lady, 'for I thoroughly disapprove that sort of limited subscription: make it unlimited, and

I will give you five-and-twenty pounds: and if there is no bazaar, I will make it fifty.'

"'Strange, unaccountable old woman that,' said Mrs. Clutterbuck, when Miss Mildways had taken her leave.

"'The Clergy,' said Mr. Sanderson, 'I fear have neglected to ask for the full amount of what *can* be given (the only Christian limit of what *ought* to be given), and so the laity have come to think that a meagre portion of their superfluities is all that they need offer to God.'

"'Superfluities! what do you mean by superfluities?' asked the lady of the house.

"'Whatever is not absolutely necessary.'

"'Ah! but what is necessary for one class, Mr. Sanderson, is not necessary for another. *I* could not dress like the housemaid, for instance.'

"'I do not think you are called on to do so. Nevertheless, if truth must be spoken, you, and all others of your rank, are surrounded with superfluities, the parting with which might afford many a wholesome instance of self-denial. For example: Fewer pier-glasses—the absence of a single picture—(and surely such things as those are superfluous)—would put hundreds at the disposal of many who speak as though they had scarce a guinea to spare.' And Mr. Sanderson's eye wandered unconsciously over the beautiful furniture that surrounded him.

"'Well, really, Sir, this beats anything I ever heard of! Strip the walls! sell the pictures! and clothe ourselves in linsey-woolsey! *Superfluities indeed!!*' "

(To be continued.)

EMBLEMS OF THE SAINTS.

The following characteristics generally distinguish the Saints:—

St. Peter, the keys and a triple cross, sometimes a church; St. Paul, a sword, or sometimes a book; Gabriel, a lilly, a flower-pot-full of which is frequently placed between him and the Virgin Mary; St. John the Baptist, a long mantle, and long wand, surmounted by a small shaft, forming a cross, a lamb is generally at his feet, or imprest on a book in his hand. St. John the Evangelist, a chalice, with a dragon, or serpent issuing out of it; together with an open book. St. James the Great, a club and a saw; St. Thomas, a spear; St. Simon, a saw in a boat; St. Matthew, a fuller's club; St. James the Less, a pilgrim's staff, book, scrip, and hat, with an escallop shell upon it; St. Bartholomew, a knife; St. Philip, a crozier; St. Anthony, a rosary on his mantle, and a pig at his feet, with a bell round his neck; St. Nicholas, a boat with three or four naked infants in it; St. Margaret, treading on, or piercing a dragon with a cross; sometimes she holds a book, and sometimes wears a crown: St. Clare, holding the expositorium; St. Apollonia, a palm branch, and tooth; St. Barbara, a palm branch and book, or tower where she was confined; St. Mary Magdalen, dishevelled hair, and a box of ointment; Mary Egyptiaca, her hair all round her; St. Elizabeth, St. John and the lamb at her feet; St. Anne, a book in her hand; St. Dorothy, a basket of fruit; St. Sebastian, pierced through with arrows; Edward the Confessor, crowned, a ring on his right hand, sometimes a spear; St. Edmund, an arrow; St. Ursula, a book and arrow; St. John of Beverley, pontifically habited, his right hand blessing, his left holding a cross; Thomas à Becket, a mitre and crozier, his hand elevated to give the benediction; St. Asaph, a bishop with a crozier, his hand elevated; St. Bridget, a book and crozier; St. Christopher, a gigantic figure crossing a river, with the infant Saviour on his shoulder; St. Stephen, a stone in his hand, and a book; Paul the Hermit, a long robe and string of beads; St. Lawrence, a book and gridiron; St. Michael, in armour, with a cross, or pair of scales; St. Francis, a friar's dress, with a figure half human; half a cross, from which issue lines to his heart, feet, and hands, for the five wounds of Christ; St. Crispin, at work in a shoemaker's shop; St. Catherine, her wheel, or a spear, with the point downwards.

Popes have the triple crown and anchor, or a triple cross, and a dove whispering in their ears. The Exaltation of the Cross is represented by a king kneeling and worshipping the Cross, which is held by a person in heaven. The Invention of the Cross is represented by a cross being lifted out of a tomb amidst spectators. The eleven virgins are represented by young females crowned, and kneeling, and the seven sleepers by as many persons praying.

The above are the principle subjects which formerly adorned the storied windows of British monasteries, and which are now partly preserved in some of our cathedral and parish churches. The light which is received through such windows has been justly termed, "a dim religious light," for few, we should imagine, are insensible to the effect which such light produces on a devotional mind. It seems to harmonise with the inner man, and while it softens and calms the temper, disposes the heart to receive those Divine impulses through which the Spirit operates. It is, therefore, not improbable that ornament and display were far from being the chief, or even primary objects in formerly filling the windows of churches and chapels with stained glass; but that a higher and more important end was accomplished, inasmuch as the heart of the devout was warmed and invigorated for devotional exercises, by those means which adorned and beautified their houses of prayer.

Fox's Monks and Monasteries.

WHOLESALE POISONING OF CHILDREN.

In connexion with the culpable nursing of children, and the amount of mortality arising from it, I beg to observe, that there exists in this town, to an alarming extent, the reprehensible system of nurses drugging children with narcotic medicines, for the purpose of inducing artificial sleep, or obtaining "quietness," as it is called, whilst the mothers are absent in the factories. From the information I have collected on the subject, I have no hesitation in saying, that this iniquitous practice slays its hundreds, and goes far in accounting for our excessive mortality in children, irrespective of other considerations. It is exceedingly difficult, however, to obtain anything like accurate information as to the prevalent use of these pernicious soothing syrups, as both buyers and sellers are aware that they are doing wrong, and mystify the facts. It appears, however, after a generalization of the information collected, that at least one half of all the children in the town are drugged with these deleterious medicines; and that the persevering use of such "cordials" gradually produces emaciation, and its concomitants, mental and physical debility. It is worthy of notice, that all children are excessively fond of such mixtures, many of them preferring compositions of the kind to their mother's milk; and I have heard of some wonderful instances of intellectual precocity in regard to the ease and accuracy with which infants, a few months old, could point out these "Godfrey's bottles" on the shelves of frequented druggists. These narcotic drugs, which are known by various names, are vended at all the druggists' shops of the town, and at several of the public-houses. I have obtained samples of a great many of them, which in 15 instances I have ascertained, with some degree of accuracy, the quantities sold per week, amounting, in the whole, to 6 gals. 2 qts. 1½ pts.—*Coulthart's Report on the Sanatory Condition of Ashton-under-Lyne* (just published).

THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQUIRE.

When leisurely the man of ease
His morning's daily course begins,
And round him in bright circle sees
The comforts Independence wins,
He seems unto himself to hold
An uncontested natural right
In life a volume to unfold
Of simple ever-new delight—

And if, before the evening close,
The hours their rainbow wings let fall,
And sorrow shakes his bland repose,
And too continuous pleasures fall,
He murmurs, as if Nature broke
Some promise plighted at his birth,
In bending him beneath the yoke
Borne by the common sons of earth.

They starve beside his plenteous board,
They halt behind his easy wheels,
But sympathy in vain affords
The sense of ills he never feels;
He knows he is the same as they,
A feeble, piteous, mortal thing,
And still expects that every day
Increase and change of bliss should bring.

Therefore, when he is call'd to know
The deep realities of pain,
He shrinks, as from a viewless blow,
He writhes, as in a magic chain;
Untaught that trial, toil, and care,
Are the great charter of his kind,
It seems disgrace for him to share
Weakness of flesh and human mind.

Not so the People's honest child—
The field-flower of the open sky,
Ready to live while winds are wild,
Nor, when they soften, loath to die;
To him there never came the thought,
That this his life was meant to be
A pleasure-house, where peace unbought
Should minister to pride and glee.

You oft may hear him murmur loud
Against the uneven lots of Fate;
You oft may see him inly bow'd
Beneath Affliction's weight on weight:—
But rarely turns he on his grief
A face of petulent surprise,
Or scorns whate'er benign relief
The hand of God or man supplies.

Behold him on his rustic bed,
The unluxurious couch of need,
Striving to raise his aching head,
And sinking powerless as a reed:
So sick in both, he hardly knows
Which is his heart's or body's sore,
For the more keen his anguish grows,
His wife and children pine the more.

No search for him of dainty food,
But coarsest sustenance of life—
No rest by artful quiet woo'd,
But household cries and wants and strife;
Affection can at best employ
Her utmost of unhandy care,
Her prayers and tears are weak to buy
The costly drug, the purer air.

Pity herself in such a sight,
Might lose her gentleness of mien,
And clothe her form in angry might,
And as a wild despair be seen;
Did she not hail the lesson taught
By this unconscious suffering boor,
To the high sons of love and thought,
——The sacred Patience of the Poor.

——This great endurance of each ill,
As a plain fact whose right or wrong
They question not, confiding still,
That it shall last not over-long;
Willing, from first or last, to take
The mysteries of our life, as given,
Leaving the time-worn soul to slake
Its thirst in an undoubted Heaven.

SALE OF CHURCH PROPERTY,

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, BY MR. PERCY.

At the Clarence Hotel, in Bridgwater, Somerset, on Thursday at Six o'clock in the Evening, (by the direction of the Trustee of the late Wyndham Goodden, Esquire, deceased, and subject to such conditions as will then be produced),

The following very desirable property, in Lots as follows:

Lot 1.—The Rent Charge of 230*l.* per annum, payable in lieu of the Tithes of the Parish of Durleigh, in the county of Somerset, as recently apportioned.

This Lot will be sold subject to the purchaser and his successors paying annually to the Curate or Minister of Durleigh Church or Chapel for the time being, and to his successors, the sum of *twenty pounds as a stipend for performing the duties of the said church or chapel;* and also subject to the purchaser keeping in repair the chancel of the said church or chapel, which was substantially repaired a short time since by the late owner.

Lot 2.—The donative or patronage and right of presentation in perpetuity to the Church or Chapel of Durleigh, in the county of Somerset, with the Churchyard belonging thereto, containing 2 roods and 33 perches (more or less), with the yearly sum of 20*l.* charged on Lot 1, for ever, by way of stipend to the curate or minister for performing the duties of the said church or chapel.

Lot 3.—A Piece of Glebe Land belonging to the said Rectory of Durleigh, planted to an orchard, containing 3 roods and 15 perches (more or less), in the occupation of Mr. Thomas Culverwell.

This is a choice illustration of Sacrilege as well as Simony. Once on a time the Church possessed *property of her own* in the parish of Durleigh, which now yields 230*l.* per annum. This property had been solemnly dedicated to God for the use of the Church, and for the spiritual benefit of the inhabitants for ever. Some one, no matter who, forcibly *robbed* the Church of this property, and gave her back only 20*l.* per annum of all that had been stolen, consequently she has only that paltry sum left to administer to the necessities of an entire parish; while some layman, who may be an excommunicated atheist, enjoys the rest of the spoil, amounting to 220*l.*, for doing nothing. Can we wonder that He who is thus robbed, visits those who rob Him, and not only them but *those who inherit the spoils*, so that they are, generally, *childless*, or if not childless, their children are cut off from the generations of men? But even this judgment, terrible as it is, seldom leads to restitution! yet restitution, in the very nature of things, is the only remedy for causing the sword to depart from that house which contains the spoils of God's heritage. —*From the English Churchman.*

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees.

To look down with insolent disdain on the unfortunate victim of error, is to render contemptible as far as lies in our power, not the *error*, which we despise, but the truth, which enables us to despise it.

THE HISTORY OF TURELLI.

A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the reign of the Emperor Frederick, the Christians, animated with a holy zeal, resolved to unite together to conquer Palestine, and to wrest from the hands of the infidels the Holy Places which had been in their possession for so long a time. The standard of the Cross was hoisted, and the Christians assembled in crowds under this ensign. The news of their design soon spread from Europe into Asia, and Saladin, the sultan of Egypt, prepared for a vigorous resistance. Not content with ordering troops to be raised throughout his empire, he resolved to be himself an eye-witness of the strength of the Christians; and as it was expected to be two years before the attack commenced, he set off from Babylon in disguise (followed only by four of his confidents and a few domestics), to visit Germany and Italy. He embarked at Alexandria, and arrived at Venice; from thence he visited Rome, Naples, and the whole of Lombardy, passing for a merchant of the island of Cyprus. One day on his road from Milan to Pavia, having with his suite mistaken his road, he chanced to meet with a gentleman of Istria, named Antony Turelli, who was engaged in the amusement of hawking in the vicinity of his own chateau.

Antony Turelli was one of those men, simple and according to God's own heart, who knew no other occupation than his duties and the innocent pleasures of the chase. He had a wife worthy of him, handsome and virtuous, without being conscious of it. She loved God above all things, and her husband and children more than herself. Saladin perceiving Turelli, advanced towards him, and accosting him in Latin, demanded of him the road to Pavia. Turelli, perceiving that they were strangers, was filled with joy at having an opportunity of exercising his favourite virtue of hospitality; and he answered the sultan, that they were still at a considerable distance from the place to which they intended going, that night was fast approaching, and that a horde of banditti had lately infested the whole province, at the same time entreating them to accept of his house and services for that night. The sultan thanked him, but seemed bent upon going to Pavia, or at least to the nearest inn. Turelli, seeing he was not to be moved by his entreaties, told him he would send a guide along with them, secretly charging the servant whom he entrusted with this office, to wander about for some time with the strangers, and then to bring them back to his house. He returned home immediately, and made every necessary preparation for their reception. The servant executed the order of his master, and Saladin with his suite were much astonished, when, finding themselves at the gates of a house which they took for an inn, they saw Turelli coming to receive them. The usual ceremonies taking place, the sultan and those of his suite were commodiously lodged. After supper Turelli demanded of his guests who they were, and whether he could be any wise useful to them. Saladin answered that they were merchants of the island of Cyprus; that some affairs called them into Germany; and they had wished to see Italy in their way thither. Turelli said no more, but thought he perceived in their air and manners that they wished to be unknown, and were of a rank superior to what they pretended to be. He told them that he was going on the morrow to Pavia; that he would accompany them thither, and conduct them to an inn where they would be much better received than they had been at his house. After many thanks the strangers retired to the apartments prepared for them. Turelli despatched a servant with orders to his wife, who was then residing at his house in Pavia, to prepare a sumptuous dinner, and to invite the nobility of the city, as he was going to bring some of his friends to visit her on the morrow. His orders were obeyed, and the sultan with his retinue and Turelli parted at day-break. They arrived early at Pavia, and alighted at Turelli's house, where his friends were waiting, and received them with all the magnificence which they could have expected if they had been known. This caused the sultan at first a little uneasiness; but not thinking it possible that they could have any knowledge of them, he only complained to Turelli of the favours with which he overwhelmed them. After the dinner the friends of Turelli withdrew; and having conducted the strangers into another apartment, he sent for his wife and two little boys to compliment them. So much kindness embarrassed the sultan; he was generous, he wished to have given Turelli some testimony of his gratitude, but he could not without giving room for suspicion; he, therefore, contented himself by manifesting the confusion he was in, and promised as soon as he should return to the island of Cyprus, to acquit himself of all the obligations he owed to the Signor Turelli. The conversation lasted some time on indifferent subjects; it turned at last on the great preparations which the Christians were making for conquering the Holy Land. Turelli told the strangers that he hoped himself to be of the number of the crusaders; to which Saladin replied, that if all the Christian gentlemen were like Turelli, and the sultan knew it, he did not doubt but that he would give up to them whatever they should demand in his country. After reciprocal compliments, Turelli's wife had

five very rich garments brought in, which she presented to the strangers, begging of them to remember her and to accept of them. Saladin received them with all the marks of gratitude that can be conceived, and having mounted on horseback with his retinue, he took leave of Turelli and his wife, proposing to himself, as soon as he arrived at Babylon to acknowledge as a king the favours he had just received. Turelli accompanied him some distance from the city, when the sultan and his suite, after embracing him, promised that he should hear from them as soon as an opportunity served.—All our actions borrow their merit from our motives, and what is done to please the Almighty, meets with its recompense sooner or later: we shall see the proof of this in the result of the history of Turelli.

The preparations for the crusade were being made with all possible expedition: Saladin was witness to it. He passed through several provinces, and returned to Babylon to prepare a suitable defence against such powerful enemies. At length the time arrived for the crusaders to unite and embark. Turelli was determined to be of the number; neither the tears of his wife nor the tenderness he had for his two children could prevent him; his zeal prevailed over all human considerations. He charged his wife's uncle, the abbot of St. Peter's at Pavia, with some more important affairs, and the day being arrived, his wife entreated him to accept from her a ring, which she gave him, putting at the same time a similar one on her own finger, conjuring him not to forget her and to hasten his return.

Turelli embarked at Genoa with the chief part of the crusaders. The whole Christian army arrived at Alexandria, and under the standard of the Cross they at first met with such success, that all the forces of the sultan could not resist them. But, alas! soon were these first and dazzling successes followed by the most direful calamities and misfortunes. Disunion took place among the leaders; each seemed to have his own glory in view rather than that of Heaven; and whether the Almighty thus punished the Christians for having only followed the dictates of their own ambition, or whether after having made known to the infidels that he was the God of Armies, he wished more usefully to instruct them by the patience and firmness of his children (among whom Turelli became a bright example of these virtues), the army of the crusaders was dispersed, a raging pestilence carried off the greater part of them, whilst the remainder fell into the hands of the sultan, without having had even the honour of fighting. Turelli, being one of the prisoners, was conducted to Babylon loaded with irons. He there suffered for two years extreme poverty and misery, and what was still worse, without being able to make known to his wife the situation he was in. During this long time of affliction, Turelli lost not the confidence he had in Divine Providence; neither promises nor threats could make him renounce the Christian faith; he constantly confessed it, encouraging the companions of his misfortune, and converting a great number of infidels by his lessons and example. At length, being asked one day, what had been his occupation in Europe, he replied, that his chief amusement had been the diversions of the chase, and that he had above all a peculiarly happy talent for training birds of prey. This being reported to Saladin, he ordered him to be brought before him. The unhappy Turelli was led from his dungeon, and presented to the sultan: he prostrated himself at his feet according to the custom of the country. Saladin bade him rise, and had no sooner considered him, than he was seized with a secret trouble, recalling to his mind the features of him who had so kindly received him in Italy four years ago. "Christian," said he to him, "from whence art thou?"—"From Istria," replied Turelli (who dared not so much as lift up his eyes to regard the sultan), "but Pavia has always been my place of residence."—"Art thou married?" pursued Saladin.—"I am so, my Lord," rejoined Turelli, "if God has not been pleased to deprive me of a wife that I loved more than myself."—"And hast thou any children?" continued the sultan.—"Two boys which I left quite young," said Turelli. The sultan's tears now began to flow, and if Turelli had dared to have looked up, he would certainly have recognized him; but at last the sultan, stifling his joy, said to him, "I know thee, Christian; thou didst harbour in thy house, about four years ago, some Cyprian merchants who were travelling in Europe."—"I did so, my Lord," replied Turelli.—"But knowest thou who they were?" continued the sultan.—"They told me that they were merchants," answered Turelli.—"Stay," rejoined Saladin, "I will presently show thee who they were; thou art now about to be rewarded for thy hospitality towards those who were perfect strangers to thee." The sultan went out as he finished these words, leaving Turelli in doubt whether the kindness he had exercised towards those strangers had been considered as a crime, or whether, in effect, the sultan really intended to recompense him for it; but his uneasiness greatly increased when, some time after, he saw Saladin re-enter with four of the principal lords of his court, and address him as follows: "Look well at these garments which we have on; dost thou know them?"—"I have some idea," replied Turelli, "that my wife gave some such as them to those

Cyprian Merchants." The sultan, being now no longer able to contain himself, threw himself on the neck of Turelli, "What!" said he, "Turelli not know me? does he not remember those whom he received with so much generosity? It is I, it is those whom thou seest with me, that thou didst treat with so much kindness four years ago. Thanks to the God of heaven, I have now the opportunity of demonstrating my gratitude: let Turelli be no longer regarded as a slave, let him be the first in Egypt after the sultan, since he has been his benefactor." During these words the tears of Saladin flowed in abundance, whilst Turelli could not recover from his surprise. The sultan loaded him with caresses, gave him an apartment in his own palace, and caused him to be honoured like himself by all his court.

Whilst things went on thus in Egypt, the wife of Turelli at Pavia was overwhelmed with all manner of grief and uneasiness. During the first year after her husband's departure she had entertained hopes of either hearing from or receiving news of him; she was afterwards informed of all the misfortunes which had happened to the Christian army; and, to complete her afflictions, one Turelli of Provence having been killed, they failed not to tell her that her husband was dead; nay, there were not wanting some who had returned from the Crusades, who averred that they had even seen him die. Thus his afflicted spouse, who until then had strove to doubt the truth of it, was forced at last to yield to the testimony of so many witnesses, and abandon herself entirely to her sorrow. She supported the trial, nevertheless, as a Christian, passing the first year of her supposed widowhood in prayer and retirement, and redoubling her care for the education of her children. After that time she was solicited by all her family to marry again. Her virtue and wisdom caused her to be sought after by several gentlemen of the Milanese states, but she constantly refused them. At length, it being the fourth year since the absence of Turelli, the Count of Bondelli, one of the richest noblemen in Tuscany, demanded her in marriage. He was an old man, much renowned for his birth, merit, and great possessions, and the family of Turelli's wife wished to force her to this match. She pretended to give her consent, to save herself from the persecution of her relations; but this nobleman having been nominated ambassador to the French court, the celebration of the marriage was deferred till six months afterwards. Such was the situation of Turelli's wife, whilst he, more happy in appearance, enjoyed at Babylon all the friendship and favour of the Sultan of Egypt; nevertheless, in the midst of all the splendour and greatness to which he had been raised, the remembrance of his family and country cast a melancholy gloom over him, and mingled bitterness with his joy. Saladin perceived it. "Turelli," said the sultan one day to him, "I perceive you are not happy; but I am nowise surprised thereat, when I reflect that you are at a distance from your country and family; therefore however much I may desire your presence and counsels, still would I willingly renounce all rather than detain you one moment against your will; to act otherwise would be completely to defeat the designs of my bounty, the procuring for you as far as lies in my power every happiness; be, therefore, under no restraint, speak freely." Turelli cast himself at the feet of his deliverer, whilst the tear of gratitude started from his eye, "My Lord," said he, "nothing but the ties of nature and of blood, could have ever raised in this bosom a wish to be separated from so kind so true a friend, so beneficent so generous a benefactor." The sultan raised him from the ground, embraced him, and immediately gave orders for the fitting out of a vessel laden with the most precious treasures of Egypt, for his reception. Every thing being in readiness, he accompanied Turelli with all his court to the place of embarkation, gave him the vessel with all that it contained, presenting him at the same time with a considerable sum of money, and releasing at his intercession two hundred Christian slaves, who embarked in the same ship with him. The moment of his departure being arrived, Saladin repaired even to the sea-shore; there once more embracing Turelli, begged of him to write to him, promising that it should not be long before he heard from him: tears were shed on both sides. At last Turelli ascended the vessel, which soon set sail and took the route of Italy. Turelli touched at his native shore at the very time when his wife was at the height of her misfortunes; for the Count returning from France pressed the conclusion of the marriage: the gout had detained him on one of his estates, but he had sent his brother to Pavia to conclude the affair, and convey his new spouse to him. The brother had so well discharged his commission, that the articles were to be signed on the morrow, and the relations of the new bride had engaged to deliver her to him on the day after. The supposed widow of Turelli perceived that she could no longer waver; she took her last resolution, and told her uncle, the Abbot of St. Peter's, that having lost in her husband all which she could ever love in the world, she was resolved to renounce it, that she should bring her two sons to him on the morrow, that he might take charge of them, and that she should retire into a convent of the order of St. Francis, being determined to spend the remainder of her days in prayer and retirement. Her uncle did not disapprove of her intentions,

but fearing lest her family might penetrate them, and might throw some obstacle in the way, he advised her to be present at the feast, which the count's brother was to give on the morrow, after which he promised that he would take upon himself to conduct her to the convent which she had chosen. These measures being resolved upon, she returned home less afflicted than before. There remained only one subject of deep regret to her, which was, that of parting from her two children; she made a sacrifice of them to God, and passed the whole night in prayer, conjuring Him to bless her resolution. The Almighty heard her in a manner very different from what she expected. The ship which conducted Turelli had arrived eight days before at Genoa: he had left it in the roads, and had set off with three Christian gentlemen, from among the number of those whom the sultan had delivered from captivity; they were all four dressed in the costume of the Levant; and, making all possible speed, they arrived that same night in the neighbourhood of Pavia, where Turelli wished to obtain information respecting the situation of his family before making himself known to them. At day-break, the gates of the city being opened, Turelli and his companions entered, and went direct to the Abbey of St. Peter's; he asked to speak with the abbot, who did not know him, his dress and his beard, which he had let grow for four years, so completely disguising him. The abbot had nearly fallen with fright, when Turelli mentioned his name, having with the rest of his friends concluded and felt perfectly satisfied that he must be dead. However, he by degrees recognised his features, he embraced him, and related all that had happened, as likewise the resolution which his wife was to have taken that same day. The joy of Turelli may more easily be conceived than expressed. The abbot would have taken him immediately to his own house, but Turelli preferred rather to be an eye-witness of his wife's constancy, and entreated the abbot not to discover him, but to procure him an invitation to the feast, after which the articles of the new marriage were to be signed. The abbot consented, and promised to take him there, together with those gentlemen who accompanied him; in effect he solicited the count's brother, who had formerly been one of Turelli's friends, for permission to bring along with him four noblemen, whom the Sultan of Egypt had sent into Europe on important business. At the hour appointed each one repaired thither, but with very different intentions—the pretended bride with the design of putting her sons under the care of the Abbot of St. Peter's, then to retire into a convent—the brother and friends of the count, with the intention of concluding and signing the contract—and the abbot, with Turelli and his suite, to restore to the supposed widow her real husband.—Turelli saw his wife enter decked in her richest habits, but sorrow painted on her countenance—the compassion and joy which he felt at the sight, obliged him to retire for a short time to conceal his tears; but the affliction of his spouse was much increased, when her uncle, taking her aside, told her that she must no longer think of embracing a religious life, that God forbade it, and that it was requisite under existing circumstances that she should have a husband. She thought the abbot had betrayed her, and that all conspired against her designs, but there remained no time then for expostulation, they all sat down to table. Turelli, his suite, and the abbot, seemed desirous to be at a separate table, where some others joined them. Turelli's wife, her children, the count's brother, the relations on both sides, and some of the guests, were at another. The repast was sumptuous; but it is easy to conceive the afflicted state of Turelli's wife. At length, towards the close of the entertainment, Turelli made known, that according to the custom of the Levant, the intended bride always sent to strangers a cup replenished with wine, and that the stranger after having drunk, and wished her all sorts of prosperity, returned the cup with some wine in it to her. This new ceremony quite enlivened the guests—Turelli's spouse performed it with the best grace she could—Turelli saluted her with the cup, and after having put back into it a small quantity of wine, he slipped into it unperceived the ring which she had given him at his departure. The cup was carried back to her; but what was her surprise, when, having scarcely put it to her lips, she perceived the ring: quite amazed and affrighted she took it out and compared it with one which she herself always wore; then turning round towards the person who had sent the cup, and looking at him with eagerness and attention, she arose precipitately from table, and with a scream threw herself on his neck. The whole assembly, struck with astonishment, arose instantly, but the surprise of every one was much increased, when they saw her fall nearly lifeless on an arm-chair, clasping the hand of him whom she had just embraced, whilst the tears trickled down her cheeks. They soon brought her to herself, and Turelli, by making himself known, withdrew them at once from their first amazement, and threw them into another still greater. He related in a few words how Divine Providence had permitted his return, and how one Turelli of Provence having been killed in the Christian army, had given rise to the error into which they had fallen. Turelli then embraced his children. The whole company, not excepting the brother of the count, testified the greatest joy upon the occa-

sion—they led Turelli and his wife in triumph to their house, where they received the congratulations of the whole city. A few days after Turelli had the riches brought to Pavia which the sultan had given him, who afterwards sent him still greater, thinking that he could never sufficiently recompense one who had formerly acted so generous a part towards him. The Almighty manifesting thereby, that he never abandons those who serve him faithfully, and that he frequently rewards even in this life the least actions that are done for Him.

From the French.

ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC.

We recommend to the careful perusal of our readers, and in particular of those who are interested in the reformation of ecclesiastical music, the following order issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin. To ourselves, who have advocated this subject warmly, and in a manner that led us to the very conclusions which are formally embodied as injunctions in the document before us, the intelligence of this movement of reform in the Belgian Church has afforded sincere pleasure. The Gallican Church, which (if we may so speak) is somewhat in advance of the Belgian, has already been dealing with the subject of church music. The music, which a few years ago was everywhere in use, led to its nearly total exclusion from churches; and at the present moment, even in Paris, if we except the church frequented by the Court (St. Roch, rue St. Honoré), no music is to be heard in any but the Gregorian, and that seldom harmonized. There is, we believe, some order on this subject, similar to that which we now give our readers, by M. de Quelin, late Archbishop of Paris. How long, alas! will it be before any of our Bishops are induced to interfere in such matters? Yet the good of the Church no less requires that we also should be driven back upon the Gregorian or plain song of the olden time, as a means of purging church music of its present levity and effeminacy:—

"Acts and decrees of the congregation of the deans of the diocese of Malines, held the 26th of April, 1842.—His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, after having implored the Divine assistance, has proposed, explained, and (with due regard to the observations of the assembly) sent forth the following decree:—It is manifest, according to the holy fathers and the councils, that chanting and music in Divine service ought only to be employed as a means of celebrating with more solemnity the praises of God, and to excite the minds of the faithful to the adoration of the Divine Majesty, and to holy desires. We, therefore, urgently recommend to the curates, and other officiating priests, and also to those who serve in private chapels, to regulate the chanting, the use of the organ, or any other musical instrument, in a manner that this salutary end may be attained, to terminate, and prevent a recurrence of those abuses which are contrary to, or in any way repugnant to, the holiness of Divine worship. They should observe that their functions impose upon them the obligation of celebrating, with piety and solemnity, the holy sacrifice of mass, and the other offices, and to take care that the organists and the musicians acquit themselves of their duties in a convenient manner. They are particularly desired to pay attention to the following points, which are for the greater part drawn from the synods and decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and above all, from the constitutions of Benedict XIV., dated 19th February, 1740. 1. The full chant, which is called Gregorian, if it be sung as it ought to be with care and attention, is always heard with pleasure by pious persons; it is not without reason that they prefer it to the one called harmonized or figured. We, therefore, order that it may be continued in those places where it is still used, and that it be re-established, propagated, and cultivated, where it has been abolished, particularly in Advent and Lent, in the matins of Passion-week, and in the services of Good Friday, in the masses for the dead, and, more especially, at interments and funeral obsequies. 2. In those places where the figured chant is used, the clergy will take care that it be grave, decent, sweet, and solemn, and also that no profane airs may be introduced, or any passages that would tend to dissipate, rather than to excite, pious feelings. 3. The words that are sung should always agree with the service; they should be taken from the Missal, the Breviary, and the holy Scriptures; they should very rarely be used in the vulgar tongue. 4. The singing should be conducted in a manner that the words may be heard, and perfectly understood. 5. What is sung at the commencement, the offertory, at the elevation, and the communion, ought not to be prolonged, so that the priest should be forced to wait or to interrupt the sacrifice. In the same way the "Gloria," the "Credo," or whatever is sung in the evening *Salut*, ought to be sung, that the mass without sermon should not last more than an hour, or the *Salut* more than three-quarters of an hour. 6. If the chant be accompanied by musical instruments, they should be used only (after the council of Benedict XIV.) in strengthening the chant, so that the sense of the words may better enter the hearts of those who hear them, and that the minds of the faithful may be excited to the contemplation of spiritual things, and elevated towards God. Care should also be taken that the instruments should not exceed the voice of the singers, or stifle the sense of the words. 7. The symphonies that are executed by instruments alone, and without chant, if they be used in processions or other Divine services, ought to be grave, and calculated to excite devotion; but they should not become wearisome from their length. 8. We recommend to separate from sacred music all that does not contribute to promote its aim, all that would serve but to satisfy the curiosity or the pleasure of the public, or even to create a reputation for the composers. We expressly forbid the introducing into the church any theatrical airs, military, or worldly music. 9. That curates take care those who are admitted as chanters, organists, or musicians, during Divine service, particularly at processions, lead a truly Christian life, and acquit themselves with piety and decency. We charge all curates and priests officiating in chapels or churches, to explain and carefully inculcate these dispositions to the organists, singing and music masters, and to entreat them to have constantly before their eyes the end the Church proposes by chanting.—Given at Malines, in the congregation of the Archpriests, the 26th of April, 1842. Engelbert, Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. By order of his Eminence. J. J. G. Bagnet, Secretary."—*Brussels Journal.*

Christian Remembrancer.

HOPE IN GOD.

Woe to the soul wrapped up in herself, who fears every thing, and who, by dint of fear, has no time to love God with openness and freedom!

Oh my God! I know that thou wouldst have the heart that loves thee to love thee willingly and freely. I shall act, therefore, with boldness, like a child that plays in the arms of its mother: I shall rejoice in the Lord always, and I shall try to make others rejoice. I shall pour out my soul without fear in the assembly of the children of God. Let me be frank, innocent, and glad with the gladness of the Holy Ghost. Far from me be that sad and fearful stiffness which is always teazing itself and holding the scales in hand to weigh straws and nothings! To act with so little open-heartedness, is to wrong thee, my God! These fears are unworthy of thy Fatherly love.—Fenelon.

AN IRISH LANDSCAPE.

LET us ascend this lofty mountain, called Mount Hilary, and from its summit behold the vast expanse of inland that meets the eye. Placed in the heart of Munster, it is a spot well placed for taking a survey of one of the most interesting parts of Ireland. It proudly towers over the Vale of Blackwater, and overshadows a tract of country that was the scene of many a fight between "the two nations." If, reader, after having visited all Europe (with the exception of Ireland) you were by some strange chance brought upon this view, and asked to name what country it was, you would be puzzled. "It cannot be Italy—the scene here, though beautiful, is frequently repulsive in its sternness, and the land is strangely chequered over by the appearance of desolation. What is the meaning of all those ruins upon the face of the country? Here is a whole chain of castles, dismantled and shattered; and mark, also, the ruined churches and dilapidated abbeys. And what are those heaps of dirt and filth out of which human figures seem to come and go? Surely they cannot be human habitations! And the climate seems fitful and rainy. It is by turns cold and warm. It certainly is not Italy, nor Spain; for Spain has no such endless ruins, nor such a quantity of mud hovels upon its surface for animals of any kind to dwell in. There is nothing splendid or magnificent in the principal structures, that seem strongly built, but in shapes that mock all rules of the graceful or elegant. It is not Germany. I do not know any part of Germany with such chains of mountains; and there is a strange jumble of misery and wealth (or what appears such), of beauty and wretchedness in the face of the scenery before us, that one could not meet with in happy and well-ordered Germany. Why, bless me! now that I apply the telescope to my eye, some of yonder houses are English in appearance, though not altogether so—and what I thought at first were blank patches of land, appear on close inspection to be bogs; and I can discover squalid, half-naked forms, and shoals of bare-legged urchins. Well! I do declare—a light breaks in on me—positively I conjecture this must be that Ireland about which we are always hearing so much in parliament, and reading of in the newspapers. Well, it seems really a monstrous fine place—nay, a downright glorious country, though I don't quite like the look of some of it. It is decidedly too foreign in its appearance for my calm, quiet, John Bullish taste. It seems like a land where you would expect to meet banditti, and romantic adventures, and 'all that sort of thing.' But what ails the people, that they cannot be happy in such a land? I warrant that English people would live peaceably and comfortably in it." You are right, reader, in noticing the appearance of the country so totally different from what you have seen in other lands. Well now, permit me to illustrate "Ireland and its Rulers" by actual sight. You have been told that there are "two nations in Ireland." Well, behold their characters and distinctive existences made palpable to the eye. Behold all those isolated houses—Angelicized in appearance, and standing by themselves in demesne lands—these are the mansions of the "upper nation." On the other hand, those heaps of dirt and mud, which you doubted were human habitations, are residences of the masses of the "lower nation." You see the country appears to be all peasantry, and much gentry, and in reality it is little more. But mark all those houses belonging to the upper nation. In England you would say such were the residences of the upper *classes*; but if you want to understand the state of Irish society, for "class" you must substitute "nation," because such is the real distinction. —*Ireland and its Rulers.*

EATING SPOILEEN.

IN a great portion of Ireland there are to be found, in all fairs, what the people term *spoileen*-tents—that is, tents in which fresh mutton is boiled, and sold out, with bread and soup, to all customers. I know not how it happens, but, be the motive or cause what it may, scarcely any one ever goes into a *spoileen*-tent unless in a mood of mirth and jocularity. To eat spoilen seriously, would be as rare a sight as to witness a wife dancing on her husband's coffin. It is very difficult, indeed, to ascertain the reason why the eating of fresh mutton in such circumstances is always associated with a spirit of strong ridicule and humour. At all events, nothing can exceed the mirth that is always to be found among the parties who frequent such tents. Fun, laughter, jest, banter, attack, and repartee, fly about in all directions; and the only sounds heard are those of light-hearted noise and enjoyment. Perhaps, if the cause of this were closely traced, it might be found to consist in a sense of shame, which Paddy good-humouredly attempts to laugh away. It is well known that the great body of the people pass through life without ever tasting either beef or mutton—a circumstance which every one acquainted with the country knows to be true. It is also a fact, that nineteen out of every twenty who go in to eat spoileen, are actuated more by curiosity than hunger, inasmuch as they consist of such persons as have never tasted it before. This, therefore, being generally known, and each possessing a latent consciousness of its truth, it is considered best to take the matter in good-humour, and escape the shame of the thing, together with the poverty it implies, by turning it into ridicule and jest. This, indeed, is pretty evident from the nature of the spoileen-keeper's observations on being paid; which is usually—"Thank you, Barney; you may now consider yourself a gintleman;" or, if a female—"Long life to you, Bridget; you may now go into high life any time."—*The Irish Agent.*

HYMN TO THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

"*I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost; Lord, seek thy servant.*" Ps. cxix. 176.

WILT thou not, my Shepherd true,
Spare thy sheep? in mercy spare me!
Wilt thou not, as shepherds do,
In thine arms rejoicing bear me;
Bear me where all troubles cease,
Home to folds of joy and peace?
See how I have gone astray,
How earth's labyrinths oft mislead me;
Bring me back into the way,
In thine own green pastures feed me;
Gather me within thy fold
Where thy lambs thy light behold;
With thy flock I long to be,
With the flock to whom 'tis given,
Safe to feed, and praising thee,
Roam the happy fields of heaven;
Free from fear of sinful stain,
They can never stray again.
Lord, I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me:
Lo! my foes have spread their net,
And with craft and might surround me;
Such their snares on every side,
Safe thy sheep can ne'er abide.
Jesus Lord! my Shepherd true,
Oh! from wolves thy sheep deliver,
Help, as shepherds wont to do,
From their jaws preserve me ever;
Bid thy trembling wanderer come
To his everlasting home.

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